superiority in those of their foes, which they never suspected, mistakes attributable to inferior leadership which threw away good chances—and finally that play of chance and fate, which no genius can forecast or control, all make the issue of a war as doubtful as that of a serious disease. A good physician may pull through a man with a weak constitution—a poor or second-rate doctor may ruin the chances of a patient with the soundest natural physique. A good cause counts in any struggle, but it is by no means decisive in a particular conflict between right and wrong.

I remember forming one of a delegation of British Ministers (which included Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey) which attended an important conference at Paris in 1915. When we left for London, M. Combe (" le petit père Combe ") came to the station on behalf of the Ministry to see us off. He was a small and vivacious octogenarian whose optimism had not been in the least dimmed by years or by the maledictions of the devout, whom he had offended by his attacks on the Church. As soon as he entered the saloon carriage where we were seated, he started to deliver an oration on the subject of the War and its prospects—all full of hope and confidence. He ended with a peroration about " *Justice, Liberté, le Droit et la Victoire* " Mr. Balfour regarded the whole performance with ill-concealed disdain and turning to me said : " He

must have strangely misread history if he thinks that *Justice, Liberty et Droit* are synonymous with *Victoire*."

There is a melancholy justification for this cynicism in the events of the past. Victory may not always go to the big battalions, neither does it invariably incline to the righteous, for it is a historical truism